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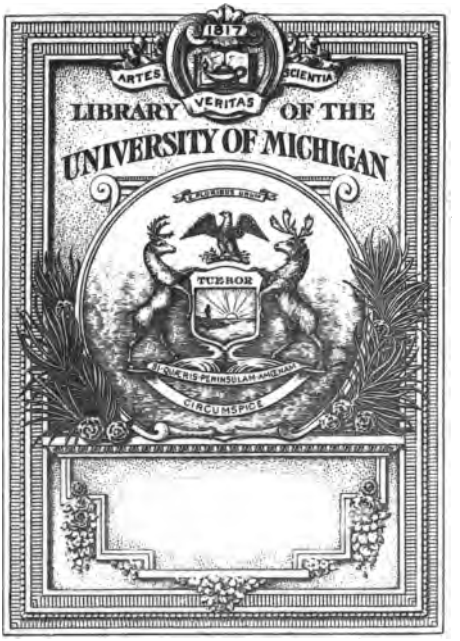

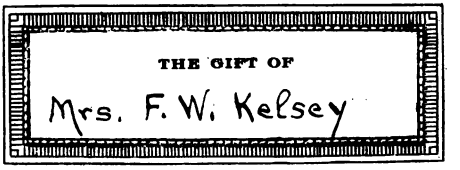

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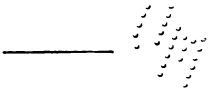

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BY THEIR

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THE CHIEF'S DAUGHTER.

THE CHIEF'S DAUGHTER.

ONIAHGAHRAH, the thundering waters, was a sight as fascinating and sublime several hundred years ago to the Indians who lived there as it is now to the white man.

The Oniahgahrah Indians dwelt upon the left shore of the river; they were a small tribe and belonged to the Ongiahrahs. They were a peaceful people and rarely participated in the sanguinary feuds of their war-like neighbors. The Hurons and the Iroquois, the Onondagas, the Oneidas, and the other surrounding tribes were constantly at strife among themselves, but they all avoided provoking or offending the Oniahgahrahs, for the Oniahgahrahs were a people beloved by the Great Spirit.

The Oniahgahrahs, although a small tribe, were not weak; their men were tall and sinewy, their women were strong of heart, and even their children were not afraid to die a warrior's death if need be. Their chief was elected by the squaws of the tribe, and his title was Ruler of the Cataract. The squaws always chose that man who appeared to them the most manly, the wisest, and the most just. It often happened that messengers came to the Oniahgahrahs to ask their chief's advice in cases of grave importance or to settle a dispute between hostile nations.

In faithful obedience to an old oracle once given during the time of a fearful famine, the Oniahgahrahs sacrificed annually in the thundering waters the fairest and purest virgin of the tribe. This sacrifice was not regarded as a sad or mournful event; on the contrary, although the irresistible descent from the crest of the cataract into the deep gorge, foaming and seething in an eternal tempest, was awful and appalling, the honor of being chosen as the heroine of the festival was greatly coveted by the young maidens. She who had been singled out to be offered to the great spirit, had to rise in the assembly of the people and to avow with a clear voice that she accepted the honor as a holy duty unhesitatingly, voluntarily, and gladly. Clad in white robes she acted as the priestess of the feast, lifting up her hands in prayer, in thanks, and in blessings. Then she had to enter a white canoe decked with flowers and choice fruits, and while she was rapidly gliding down the stream upon the wild rapids of the river her lot was envied rather than bewailed by her sisters who stood on the shore waving their hands and chanting a sacred song to the Great Spirit whose voice is heard in the thundering waters.

We children of the nineteenth century think that the annual sacrifice of a maiden was the act of a barbarous era, but we should probably judge otherwise, had we lived at the time and been familiar with the ideas of the Indians who inhabited the country. The heroic death of a virgin whose beauty entitled her to dream of the happiest fortune in this life, was the strongest proof of the valor of the Oniahgahrahs. So long as the maidens of the tribe showed an eagerness to be esteemed worthy of this awe-inspiring distinction, it was said that the name of the Oniahgahrahs

would be respected and honored among all the other nations; and there was perhaps a deep truth in the traditional prophecy, that the tribe, although small, would prosper so long as the sacrifice was maintained, that when no longer a virgin could be found who would unhesitatingly, voluntarily, and gladly accept the great honor of dying in the thundering waters, the tribe would lose the respect of the Gods as well as of the nations among which they lived, would undergo unspeakable calamities, famines, unfortunate wars, and other dreadful suffering, and would rapidly pass out of existence.

It was toward the end of the seventeenth century when the first white man witnessed that fascinating sight of the Oniahgahrah. Chevalier Robert de La Salle, the French pioneer, came with his companions up the St. Lawrence river, built a trading station in the country and was received with hospitality by the Oniahgahrahs. While the white strangers, eager to explore the country that stretched still further west, were building a ship on the right bank of the river, in Cayuga Creek, about five miles above the falls, Father Hennepin, one of the companions of La Salle, crossed the river in a boat and visited the Ruler of the Cataract, whose fame as a considerate and just man was known all over the country. Father Hennepin had a fair knowledge of the language of the Indians, and was much liked by those who knew the kindness of his heart. How he shuddered when he heard the tale of the terrible custom. He sat upon the skin of the black bear in the wigwam of Eagle-eye, the chieftain of the Oniahgahrahs, and smoked with him the pipe of peace. Lelawala, the chief's beautiful daughter, stood before him, and he could not help looking upon her with admira-

tion and astonishment, as she spoke of the sweet hope of being chosen this year as the priestess to attend to the sacred rites and to ride in the white canoe over the brink of the precipice into the thundering waters. Her eyes beamed weirdly with holy enthusiasm and a fervid readiness to give up her life to the Great Spirit for the benefit of her people.

"O great Eagle-eye," exclaimed Father Hennepin, "you who are famous for wisdom among the chiefs of the Oniahgahrahs; your wife died when she gave birth to Lelawala, and this your only daughter will be the comfort of your age! Now, you suffer it, that she should die for a mere superstition?"

The chief looked with fatherly pride upon the lovely figure of Lelawala. He said slowly but with emphasis: "Eagle-eye is proud of his daughter. No maiden is better fitted to be priestess than she. The Great Spirit will receive her in the happy hunting grounds with higher honors than ever greeted a mortal man after his death."

"Eagle-eye," replied Father Hennepin, "you are unenlightened, and in your heathen ignorance you are about to commit a terrible crime. Your worship of the Great Spirit is barbarous, your customs are cruel and inhuman. Let me teach you a higher religion and you will learn a better way of honoring the Great Spirit."

Father Hennepin now began to instruct the chief and his fair daughter in the mysteries of Christianity: "The Great Spirit," said he, "sent us his only son, Jesus Christ, who, although of royal birth, lived poor among us and taught us the will of his divine father. He was persecuted by the wicked, but he remained faithful to his mission of preaching the salvation of

mankind. His enemies at last prevailed over him and he suffered a cruel death on the cross for our sake, but his disciples preached the gospel which he had revealed to them; and the kingdom of God is now spreading all over the earth. Christ's religion is a religion of love, and Christ redeems us from all evil. The Great Spirit is a God of life, not of death; he desires mercy and not sacrifice; a bruised reed shall he not break and a smoking flax shall he not quench."

The missionary grew eloquent, for he spoke to attentive ears. The Indian chief and his daughter eagerly listened to the simple story of Bethlehem and Golgotha. They asked it of the white stranger again and again until they were familiar with all the details of the holy legend; and when Father Hennepin felt that he had made a deep impression upon their minds, he asked the chief of the Oniahgahrahs, whether he would be ready to embrace Christianity. "Yes," was Eagle-eye's prompt reply. "I accept the religion of Christ and shall be pleased to receive the holy baptism together with Lelawala on the great day when she shall pass through the thundering waters to greet the Great Spirit and bring down upon our tribe his mercy and his blessings."

"You do not understand Christ's religion," rejoined Father Hennepin, "if you continue in your pagan way of sacrificing human beings. Do you not see that it is a crime to murder your daughter?"—

"No," retorted Eagle-eye sternly. "Your own words bear witness against you. Christ you say has set us an example. He suffered himself to be sacrificed for mankind. So we are doing the same. Lelawala is my only child, so Jesus the Christ was the Great Spirit's only begotten son. Why do you say

that Christ's sacrifice is great and holy and praiseworthy, while our sacrifices are evil, and barbarous, and superstitious. Our custom is a holy tradition; we simply obey the command of the Great Spirit and we know that so long as our obedience continues, his blessing will be upon us and upon our children."

* * *

Father Hennepin's visits were frequent among the Oniahgahrahs for never had he better disciples in the truths of religion. Lelawala especially never tired of listening to bible stories, and she knew very soon by heart many of the most beautiful sentences of the scriptures. No wonder that the white stranger often stayed several days and found not only the chief and his daughter but all the people of the tribe ready to listen to his instructions. But whenever he censured the old habit of sacrificing a young virgin to the Great Spirit in the thundering waters, he was interrupted by a resentful murmur from his audience.

It was on such an occasion once that Lelawala rose and, standing nobly upright in the circle of the people, raised her hand, while the indignant voices of her folks were hushed in reverent silence. She undertook to answer the arguments of the white stranger, and her words were like the speech of one that has authority:

"Your story of the Crucified," said Lelawala, "is sublime. I see Christ, of whom you speak as the son of God, before me. I see the bleeding wound in his breast, I see the pierced hands and feet, and he looks upon me with a sweet kindness that makes me tremble with joy. Now listen, white stranger. Seeing the Crucified before me face to face, I asked him whether or not it was our duty to be obedient to the sacred tradition of our tribe and I hear his gentle voice ringing

in my ears. Do you hear what he says? He says, 'The same Great Spirit who demanded the sacrifice of me, demands it of you. Should the choice of your people fall upon you, then take your cross upon you and follow me.'"

The Oniahgahrahs cheered and Father Hennepin himself stood overwhelmed with the power of her words. There she stood, the chief's proud daughter with her long dark tresses, her posture indicating self-possession and dignity, and her eyes glancing commandingly over the audience. There she stood like a saint of the church, a prophetess of the religion of self-surrender and sacrifice. All eyes were turned upon her, and she continued solemnly:

"Know stranger, that we live by sacrifice. The warrior who falls in the battle dies for the tribe; the worker in the fields who suffers hunger, thirst, and fatigue, suffers and toils that others may live. The mother nurses her babe with the milk of her own breast and it is life of her life that he sucks. Do not tell us that Jesus the Christ has done all for us and that we need no longer bring any sacrifice to the Great Spirit; for not only we, the Oniahgahrahs, live by sacrifice but all mankind also. Happy the men and the women who are chosen to be priests of the Great Spirit, to offer either the strength of their muscles, or the power of their minds or their very lives as a sacrifice for their fellow-beings. For none of us liveth to himself and no man dieth to himself. So let us live and die to Him who is the breath in our breasts, and the spirit in our souls. Nor let us shrink from sacrifice, be it ever so great!"

Father Hennepin waited a moment in silence to collect his thoughts, and in his soul he prayed secretly: Give, O my God, into my heart the right words so that

I may answer her and convince her of her errors. Then he began:

"Fair Leawala! Your words are powerful, because they are the utterances of a noble mind. But you are mistaken. Open your ear and listen to reason. Can you not see that your sacrifices are more than useless, that the very noblest souls of your people, those whose lives would otherwise richly adorn human nature and bless mankind with the choicest services, are thus almost as in wantonness flung to waste? Offer not your death but your life. Live for mankind, for your people, for a husband whom you may choose from among the bravest of the brave youths of your tribe.—You shake your head.—If you object to worldly love, live for a nobler cause, live for the religion of the crucified whose teachings you have hitherto but imperfectly grasped."

"Your words are in vain, white man," the maiden said, "for I feel darkly that you even have not yet compassed the full meaning of the lesson taught by the Crucified. Future generations will understand it better than we do. You call my sacrifice useless; but why not Christ's also? No one was immediately benefited by his death. But he set an example to mankind; and so let me set an example to my people, lest our neighbors sneer at us saying, 'The strength of the Oniahgahrahs is gone; there is no one among them who dares to face death. They live on the banks of the holy river out of whose waters the Great Spirit speaks with a voice of thunder, but they have grown cowards and shrink from his countenance.'"

* * *

La Salle and his men had finished the ship upon which they intended to pursue their westward journey. She was a strong boat of sixty tons, named the "Grif-

fin" and Father Hennepin was called back to join his party.

Before Father Hennepin left, he had a long conversation with the chief and his daughter. He applied all arguments to convince them that sacrifices of life belonged to ages gone by, and that a new era had dawned upon mankind. "Believe in the new dispensation; and your pagan ceremonies will develop into a religion of pure truth. The truth which you see now as through a glass darkly, you will then see clearly face to face."

Father Hennepin did not convince either Eagle-eye or his daughter, but his words fell like good seed upon good ground, for both began to ponder over what he said. They began to grow doubtful whether in truth the Great Spirit demanded such a terrible sacrifice of his children. Father Hennepin laid his hands upon Lelawala's head and said: "Good bye. May the Great Spirit show you the right way; and you, dear child, act as your duty demands even should it be against the opinion of your father and of the whole tribe. Even should they despise and vilify you because you dare to abandon the evil ways of paganism. Rather be a martyr struggling for the truth than die a victim upon the altar of superstition."

While he spoke she sank upon her knees and wept bitterly. "Your words are kind," she sobbed, "they are sweet like honey: but are they not the words of the tempter? You show me a way covered with flowers and pleasant to walk in, yet Christ said: 'Strait is the gate, and narrow is the way which leadeth unto life.' I am struggling to recognise the truth. Pray for me that the Great Spirit show me the right way."

"I do pray for you," added Father Hennepin gently,

"for I love you dearly with a father's love. God's most sacred blessings upon your head! Good bye."

The chief accompanied his white guest a few miles up stream to a place where the current is gentle enough to allow a canoe to cross the river. There he rowed Father Hennepin over to Cayuga creek. The two men shook hands and looked each other straight in the eye. "White stranger," said Eagle-eye, "you have greatly disturbed the peace of my soul. Was it right to take away from us a faith in which we felt happy? I should have seen my daughter die and would have felt proud of the brave girl. But alas, I can no more. Tears rush to my eyes when I think of that horrible death in the cold waves of the thundering waters. You have made me weak and I cry like a child."

"Do not be weak, Eagle-eye," replied Father Hennepin, "be strong and do no longer suffer the continuation of this cruel custom."

"Alas, I cannot," sighed the chief. "It is my duty as the ruler of our tribe to preserve the sacred tradition, and keep the hearts of our people in faithful obedience to the holy ordinances of the Great Spirit. Shall I be the first to turn my back upon the faith of our fathers? If only the Great Spirit gave me a sign,—an unmistakable sign so that I could know his will,—I should gladly do his bidding."

"The Great Spirit truly gives you a sign," retorted the white man. "For he is now speaking to you in the depth of your heart and appealing to the love of your daughter, to all that is humane in your soul, to your better self."

Eagle-eye shook his head: "No, venerable man, that is not enough. I want a sign that is unmistakable. I want the Great Spirit face to face with me to reveal

unto me his will, as he did to the prophets of whom you speak and to Jesus Christ who came on earth to die for us. The Great Spirit, it is said, spoke also to our fathers, and he bade them observe the annual sacrifice. If our fathers were mistaken, why not yours; and if he spoke at all to your fathers and to ours, why has he ceased to reveal himself to us by extraordinary signs and by speaking face to face?"

"My dear friend," argued Father Hennepin, "do not expect extraordinary signs, the revelation of the Great Spirit all round you is plain enough. Do not expect to speak to him face to face; for he is not a man like you and me; he has no head with ears and eyes. His being is spiritual and you must seek him, if haply you might feel after him and find him. If you honestly search you will comprehend him, for he is no hidden God. Open but your eyes and search for the truth: the truth is there, the truth can be found. Look but into your heart and hearken to the low voices of your conscience; for that was the way too in which he spoke to your fathers and to my fathers; that was the way in which he spoke to Jesus the Christ."

They parted. Father Hennepin joined La Salle's party of French explorers. They set sail on the "Griffin" on the 7th day of August in the year 1679, and the chief returned to his wigwam on the left bank of the river.

When he saw his daughter, he greeted her kindly, but neither spoke to the other the secret thoughts that moved their hearts and touched their souls to the quick. Both went about gloomily. Their souls were oppressed by a burden too heavy for their strength; they were deeply engaged in trying to solve a problem that seemed to pass their comprehension. But while the father be-

came sadder and sadder from day to day, the daughter grew more and more cheerful, the nearer the great festival approached.

It was a fine day in the fall of the year 1679, when under the majestic fir trees of the virgin forest a procession moved to the shore where the first line of the great breakers rises. Here the river forms a bay, called the Elbow, in which two idyllic islands are situated. The water that rushes through the Elbow is gentle in comparison to the wild rapids in the open stream. There the river is apparently alive. It feels but too well that it is preparing for the tremendous leap into the abyss below. All across its entire breadth it is full of excitement. Who that has ever seen this grand spectacle, can deny that the river knows the destiny that awaits it and which it is anxious to fulfil? Its waters are seized with an irresistible impulse in which without any apparent cause the smooth surface suddenly changes. Mighty billows rise up high with fervid expectation in a bewildering tumult, tossing each other so as to present the sight of a majestic chaos of superabundant life, eagerly racing to the brink of the precipice, as if every drop was anxious to be the first at the place and to obey the laws of its being with rapturous enthusiasm.

The procession crossed the Elbow and went to the islands, which were called by the red man the Island of Giving Thanks and the Island of Sacrifice. On the former, according to the old custom, the election took place and Lelawala was unanimously chosen by the tribe. When she accepted the holy office she said with deep emotion: "I accept the honor of this holy duty unhesitatingly, voluntarily, and gladly."

Did she speak the truth? Yes, for although there

was a tremor in her voice which but slightly betrayed the tumult of her soul, there was no faltering, no hesitation, no fear, no sadness, no mournful expression, no complaint. It was as if the sunshine of peace rested upon her words. What a contrast between the self-possession of the heroic maiden and the significance of her words that boded a dreadful death in the thundering waters. Exactly so the sweet colors of the rainbow appear as an emblem of the victory of spirit over matter, above the foaming froth of the tumultuous cataract. Thus the soul conquers the terror of death, and abides as an immortal presence amidst the constant change of the material universe out of which it rises in its grandeur and its beauty.

Lelawala performed all the ceremonies in strictest obedience to the traditional custom. Then all the people went over to the Island of Sacrifice. On its outmost corner where the billows madly rush round a courageous rock that dares to stop them in their hurried course, she stood as the priestess of the Great Spirit vested in her white drapery. She prayed for her tribe, and prayed for all mankind, blessed the folk that knelt round her and then stepped into the canoe which was tied to the shore. Holding in one hand the paddle and in the other the end of the rope, a slight pull of which would loosen the noose that still kept the canoe tied to the shore, she said with a loud and commanding voice so as to be heard in spite of the roar of the rapids:

"Farewell, my father, and ye mothers and sisters and brothers, of my tribe. Lelawala thanks you for the honor of this glorious day. But I pray you in the name of the Great Spirit, let my sacrifice be the last one. Our old custom, although a savage one, is not

wrong, but just as the grain of wheat is nobler and better than the husk in which it grows, so the truth contained in our custom is greater than our sacrifice. The right worship of the Great Spirit does not lie in obedience to old ordinances and ceremonies, but in obedience to the truth. Do not believe blindly in traditions, be they ever so sacred and venerable, but search for the truth yourself. The truth can be known, and the truth will make you free. I have long been doubtful whether I could accept the honor of this day while rejecting the belief in the rightfulness of our ceremonies. But I did accept it, for I am convinced that it is the right course I take. I must prove to you that it is no cowardice on my part that I reject our time honored and holy tradition. I must prove that my personal fate had naught to do with the admonition I now make. And more still! The priestess herself must proclaim the new dispensation of the Great Spirit. While dying as a sacrifice of the old faith, I charge you to obey the will of the Great Spirit which is revealed to you in these words."

While Lelawala spoke, she appeared to her father as a divine messenger. Every word from her tongue awakened a powerful echo in his heart. She has proclaimed the truth, she has proved herself strong to face death—nobody doubted the courage of the chieftain's daughter. Why then should she go down into the thundering waters and die the cruel death of an old error? His thoughts, anxieties, and wishes were visibly expressed in the quivering of his lips. He felt impelled to shout: "Come my friends, let us lift the noble maiden out of the canoe of death and let us carry her home in triumph."

She gave one more glance of farewell to her people,

and reading the anxious hopes in the face of her dear father, sadly smiling shook her head. One quick pull of her graceful hand untied the rope and her light canoe flew over the turbid waters, more and more swiftly approaching the precipice. There she stood upright, guiding fearlessly her little boat through the tumult of the wild waves, straight toward the middle of the great horse-shoe fall.

Her father stood aghast. All the life of his soul seemed to wither away in one terrible moment. No cry came from his lips, but his eyes looked glassy and terror-stricken. With one bound he leaped into his little canoe which stood near by where the Elbow departs from the main river, and before his people could comprehend the purpose of his actions, he had cut the rope and pushed the canoe powerfully with his paddle out into the wild rapids. There he glided along beyond any possibility of rescue, down, down, swifter and swifter—and now he sank into the gorge on the same spot where his daughter had disappeared among the clouds of white foam, surrounded by the glorious halo of the rainbow.

This was the last sacrifice of the Oniahgahrah Indians.

* * *

The red man has been swept away by the irresistible wave of white settlers, but there is an Indian reservation left near Niagara Falls. It is a small tribe who call themselves the Tuscarors, and the Tuscarors boast of being the only descendants that are left of the Oniahgahrah. This is not the place to tell their fortunes. They lived for some time after the death of Lelawala at Niagara Falls, then they dwelt on the banks of the Oswego, and after many adventures

settled again in the neighborhood of Niagara Falls; where they are in possession of several thousand acres of land. They are Christians, belonging partly to the Baptist, and partly to the Presbyterian churches.

Some of the Indian folks believed that Lelawala and her father were still living below the rocks in the crystalline grotto built of the rushing waters. They called her the Maid of the Mist, and him the Ruler of the Cataract. But they feared them not, for both were said to be good spirits. He is stern and strong, but she is mild and sweet, and if you, my kind reader, should visit Niagara Falls, you may see him, or you may see her, according as your spiritual eye be open either to the powerful grandeur or to the chaste beauty of the scenery. If you are favored by a happy idiosyncracy of mind you may discover the forms of both, and then you will see as in a mirror the tremendous sublimity of the universe out of which the human soul builds its higher intellectual and moral ideals. Ever fleeting, ever changing, and overwhelmingly awful is the irresistible force of this apparent chaos; but wonderfully delicate and at the same time majestic is the repose of the spiritual life that appears rainbow-colored in this tremendous rush of matter in motion.

AFTER THE DISTRIBUTION OF THE TYPE.

AFTER THE DISTRIBUTION OF THE TYPE.

THERE is a little town in the New England States which lies aside from the rush and bustle of the world, but its inhabitants are not behind the times; they are quiet but thinking men and their thoughts are worthy of attention.

There were two friends in that town, a smith, and a type-setter. The one was a political orator and a freethinker, the other an author and a poet; the former strong, quick, and bold, the latter given to meditation, slow, and carefully weighing his words.

They were returning from a funeral, and said the freethinker to the poet: "There we see how wise it is not to compromise with superstitions of any kind. The friend we have buried was a freethinker as you are and as I am, and the clergyman spoke at his grave in the old bombastic phrases of the immortality of the soul, and he really talked on as if that man were alive still. Could the dead have risen he would have bidden him hold his peace."

The clergyman was a Unitarian of liberal views and in the opinion of many of his brethren unsound in doctrine, but he was dear to his parishioners, because instead of preaching the old theological dogmas, he taught what might be called a practical religion. He

prayed little and his prayers were in the nature of injunctions to his flock, not petitions to God for benefits, but rather exhortations to his people to perform their duties in this world. This clergyman had spoken of the mysteries of the soul, which, though the body die, lives on.

"Well," said the type-setter, "I do not see why you do not allow the preacher to speak a truth in his own way. Would he not be misunderstood, if he spoke as you would express yourself?"

"I think not," was the quick reply, "for look here! What is a man? He is an organism, a million times more complex than a watch, and his soul consists of his constituent elements in their co-operative action. Break the watch and it is gone, prevent the co-operation of the organs of an organism, and its unity is lost; it dies. The soul of a human being is the product of the co-operation of its parts. When the organism is out of order, the soul is out of order, if the organism breaks up, the soul dies and it is gone forever."

"That is all very well," said the type-setter, "but I don't think that it covers the question, for the soul of man is something more than the co-operation of his organs. Does not a man think? And has he not ideals?"

"What are man's thoughts," shouted the free-thinker, "but brain-action. All is mechanical. It seems you are not yet free from superstition."

"I grant you," answered the other slowly, "that brain-motions are mechanical. The physiological action of the brain may be called molecular mechanics. But does the soul consist in brain-action? Is it not something more? I think it is. Our brain action is a feeling and our feelings are of different kinds and each

feeling has a meaning. The soul, as I understand it, lives in the meaning of the brain-action, and I find that the soul continues to exist and have its effects, although the brain may rot in the grave."

"Then you are a spiritualist," exclaimed the smith. "You believe that the soul can exist independently of its body."

"Oh no!" replied the type-setter, "I am no spiritualist. I do not believe that the soul can exist without a body. Spiritualism regards the soul as a substance and thus it is actually a psychological materialism. Let us bear in mind that the soul is not matter but that subtle something of which ideas consist."

"Very well."

"Now what is your soul?"

"My soul is my feeling and thinking."

"Exactly. But would it not be quite indifferent how you feel and think, if when you cease to feel and think, all your ideas are gone forever."

"Stop, I do not mean to say that, for I am not the only one who thinks and feels as I do. The books I read are still to be had and I teach my boys to think and act as I do."

"Don't you think that you thus transplant your ways of thinking into the minds of others."

"Certainly I do and I mean to do so."

"And did you not say that your ways of thinking constitute your soul?"

"Did I? Yes, I did!"

"Thus you preserve your soul or at least parts of your soul in others."

"Well in that sense, it will do, but I object to the very word immortality, for every individual soul dies, it is mortal and if it is dead, it is gone forever. Death

is a finality and he who believes in any beyond is in my opinion still under the baneful influence of superstition."

"My dear friend," said the type-setter. "I am as radical as you are, but I differ from you. Listen. Many years ago, when I was a young fellow of twenty-five, I wrote a small volume—the one which you know. I wrote it in the evenings and when I had finished it, I set it in type in my leisure hours. Whenever I had finished sixteen pages I carried the form over to the printer, and I assure you I did it with a heavy heart. I had put my soul into the work and whenever I locked up a form, the taps of the hammer reminded me of the nailing of a coffin. A certain amount of work was done; whether it was good or bad it was now beyond redemption. The toil, the struggle, the activity, the labor was over. The black letters stood lifeless in rows and as soon as they had been returned from the press, they were distributed back into the cases. I say my soul was in the work. Was my soul gone when the type ceased to stand in that order in which it had represented my ideas? no! say rather my work was done and the soul lived. The soul lived a new life. It is a life of a greater and fuller activity, yet at the same time without toil, without labor, without trouble. This is an allegory, but it may fairly represent to you the truth that the soul of a beloved friend, father, mother, brother, or child may still be an active presence in our lives. It is a spiritual presence, it is not material as materialists regard substance or as spiritualists think of spirits which latter are too earthly in my view to deserve the name spirit,—but it is real nevertheless. And all our work in life is a preparation for that other kind of existence which Christians call the beyond.

The preparation for, the beyond, is or at least ought to be the purpose of every action of, the now. Thus I labored unmindful of my comfort to bring out my ideas in adequate words and have the type appear without misprints, for I knew as soon as I had locked up the forms, that any mistake I had made was gone beyond the possibility of mending. When on the following day I distributed the letters I thought of the words of Christ in his dying hour: It is finished. But what is finished? Certainly the work, not the life of the work, not its purport, its usefulness, its efficacy. The soul of the work lives. While the bookmaker toils, there is life in his efforts. After the distribution of the type, his labors cease but his book does not cease to exist, it enters a higher career of existence. That was a lesson to me and I am not sorry I learned it, and it came home to me whenever I received word that my book had met with a kind welcome and that ideas of mine had taken root in the souls of men. The body dies, that is true enough; but do not tell me that death is a finality. After death our soul begins a new kind of activity and it seems to me there lies a certain grandeur and a holy perfection in that kind of existence which is above anguish, pain, and anxiety, and yet full of efficacy and illimited, infinite in potentialities."

"I would fain answer you," impatiently said the smith. "It almost seems as though you intended to excuse the irrational dogmas of religion and the many sins which the church committed in past ages. I know you are a radical thinker and I'll forgive you. But are you not conscious that you subvert the principles of radicalism, the truth established by scientists and the ideals of the heroes of freethought?"

'No," said the type-setter, "I do nothing of the kind. Yet I see that if a man of science passes out of this life, that the truth he has brought out is not lost, when a man that struggled for right and justice sinks into the grave that his principles and aspirations are not buried with him; when a hero of thought dies his ideals remain with us. The body dies but the soul lives."

THE CLOCK OR THE WATCHES.

THE CLOCK OR THE WATCHES.

In a remote corner of Atlantea there is a township where dwell some old-fashioned folks. On almost every subject their opinions disagree, and being of strong convictions they have many sharp disputes.

Among the hottest of their controversies, yet unsettled, is the great rebellion of the watches against the clock, a civil strife of which we give the following account.

There is a big church in the village, and a clock is fixed in the steeple. In the days of old when timepieces were scarce the clock was looked upon by the congregation and all the villagers as the standard of time, and it is a tradition among the people that the clock was not made by man; but that it was created by Time himself. The legend is that Time is incarnate in the clock.

The good old folks of Atlantea reverence Time as a personal being, and as it was their custom for many centuries to burn those who thought otherwise, it has become ungrammatical in their tongue to speak of Time in the neuter gender.

They speak of Time as He or Him, and they begin these words with capitals, whenever they have reference to Time.

The clock in the steeple did not always keep correct time, but the pastor of the church regulated it as

occasion required, and it was claimed and admitted that Time himself had commissioned him to do so. At any rate, the people who lived about the church were satisfied. They all believed in the clock alike, and made their appointments with the understanding that the hour fixed meant "church steeple" time. Whether the clock was fast, or slow, mattered little, for all the parties concerned in appointments were equally satisfied with any change in the time, whenever the change was made by the pastor, and indicated by the church-steeple clock. And in all matters of dispute the church-steeple clock was the ultimate authority from which there was no appeal.

The result of the pastor's meddling was a quarrel between the church-steeple clock and the almanack, resulting in a separation of the villagers into sects, for some of them believed in the almanack and others in the clock. As they learned more and more about astronomy, mathematics, and other sciences, they thought they would make time-pieces of their own, in harmony with the almanack, so they learned the trade of watch-making; and there are now many people in the township who own their own watches.

The first man who owned a watch found out very soon that the church-steeple clock was out of order, and he was imprudent enough to contradict it, saying that he had no faith in it, nor in the pastor who pretended to regulate it by authority from Time. He was at once arraigned by the authorities, imprisoned in the public jail, tried for blasphemy, condemned according to the laws of the town, and ceremoniously burned in the market-place for the glory and honor of the great, everlasting Time.

That was many and many a year ago, and since

then the owners of watches have become too numerous to be burned, and the magistrates have abolished the punishment they formerly imposed upon the men who owned watches. Although still heretical, it is no longer criminal to say that the clock is wrong.

The owners of watches became unruly. A seditious spirit was noticeable among them, and it seemed for a time as if order was giving place to chaos, and that anarchy would prevail.

The authorities became doubtful about what they ought to do. It was impossible to put the watch owners to death, as formerly, and it was not advisable to confiscate the watches. There were even some faithful church members who owned watches and thought it no wrong to own them, so long as the watches agreed with the church-steeple clock. So it was decreed that watches should be tolerated on the condition that in proclaiming the hour they agreed with the church-steeple clock, the key of which had been given to the pastor by Time himself, and as the hours and the days were regulated by the representative of Time himself no time of day could be correct unless it was that given by the church-steeple clock.

There were, however, some folks living at a great distance from the church, very conscientious and intelligent people, who had great confidence in their watches; and their watches were, to some extent, kept in agreement among themselves, while they differed considerably from church-steeple time. These good folks protested against the tyranny of the clock and established, in a great mass-meeting a principle that is known even to this day, as the liberty of watches.

There are some old documents of great authority still extant, which tell wondrous tales about the laws

of time; and they give rules for constructing time-pieces and for keeping them in order. These documents are believed by many of the town folks to have been dictated by Time himself, and those who protested against the tyranny of the clock relied in their arguments mainly upon a claim that the clock was not built according to the instructions given in Time's own words, and that the pastor had no right to regulate the clock, nor to interfere with time regulations otherwise than in strict harmony with these old revelations.

The civil strife between the watches and the clock was carried on with varying fortune, and although the watches maintained their freedom, the party of the clock is very strong. It still declares, often in opposition to the sun itself, that the church-steeple clock must be regarded as the absolute and infallible standard of time; and where the watches are few it compels obedience to the clock.

The party of the watches is also powerful, but not united like the party of the clock. Some have made clocks of their own according to the hints contained in the old records, and they declare that these clocks, being in agreement with the revelations made by Time will give us the exact hour of the day as well as of the night. There are others who believe that the clock system itself is wrong, that Time reveals himself in the watch system alone; and that therefore the church-steeple clock is the Anti-Time, whose mission it is to bring ruin by making all the watches false.

There are others again who believe that the watch itself creates the time, and is the measure of time; that there is no real time outside the watch, and therefore every watch is equally right and equally wrong.

It is the right and duty of every man to keep his appointments according to his own watch, whether its hands revolve in harmony with the revolutions of the earth or not. Some others go a step further. They draw, as they claim, the last radical consequence of the principle of liberty which allows the watches to declare any time they please. They say that it is an imposition to demand of anyone that he observe any time regulations. Certain classes of the town folks, so they say, have an interest in establishing time rules. Time existed only for their benefit; the rich were to blame for the introduction of the belief in time. There is no time at all, and there ought to be no time regulation whatever, either by watches or by clocks. "Down with the clocks" is their party cry, and they advise everyone who owns a watch, to keep it private, and not make the unfair demand of others to have their time regulated in any way.

There is also an idea prevalent that time regulations should be directly based upon natural phenomena such as sunrise and sunset; others again declare that that is inadvisable because time is a deep and inscrutable mystery. Whether or not time exists, no one can know. Time regulation, however, should not be made by a clock, but should be decided by a majority vote, for the lapse of time must after all be made subservient to the welfare of the people, and the welfare of the people might to-day demand a quicker and to-morrow a slower lapse of time.

The most curious proposition is that which goes by the name of pure Time. It has been made of late by a very sincere enthusiast for time regulation, who says: "We need not have any standard for time regulation at all. Let us have pure Time without any

standard of time measurement. The right time is that which the watches that are right, indicate." This man would not regulate his watch according to the clock, nor would he allow its regulation according to the sun, for, as he correctly observes, there is no regularity in sunrise or sunset. There is no time in nature nor anything that could guide us in regulating the time. All time measurement is due to the watch, and the principle of the watch is a deep mystery.

There are a few people scattered among the folks of the township who do not believe that time exists as a person, but they believe that events which occur in succession may be measured; that in this way past and future moments can be determined with great accuracy, and that in this sense, time exists, not only in watches and clocks but also generally. Our timepieces, so they think, are correct when they enable us to measure the changes and to make and keep our appointments.

This class of people who are greatly in the minority, trust that time measurement is possible according to the usual scientific methods at our disposal. Just as we measure the size of things either in feet or metres, or other standards, so we can measure the changes that take place. They believe that clocks and watches serve a good purpose, and can be well regulated according to some change that constantly takes place in nature with strict regularity. As such, they have proposed what is called the "astronomical day."

This view is very objectionable to the party of the clock as well as to the party of the watches, for its representatives do not believe in the legends of the supernatural origin either of the church-steeple clock, or of other clocks, or of the watches; and not even of

the revelations. It is the generally prevailing opinion that this view will go far in weakening the respect that is due to Time, and will induce people to neglect their appointments. It has been charged against it that there can be no changes in the world without Time, and if Time is not a personal being, it would be as well if Time had no existence. Thus, according to the opinions of both parties, that of the clock and that of the watches, this view is utterly untenable; yet even granted it were right in theory, it would be impractical in real life, for only a few could understand it, and its usefulness would be limited to astronomy.

Such is the state of affairs at present. What will come of it, we cannot tell.

THE MYSTERIOUS BEETLE.

THE MYSTERIOUS BEETLE.

MR. PEEPER lives in Gotham. Being a learned man and master of the microscope, he is employed as an expert in the law courts, where his services are very valuable, especially in criminal cases. For, besides other things, he is able to tell, with certainty, the nature of stains: he easily distinguishes the blood of man from the blood of pigeons or other creatures. In spite of his great learning, or because of it, he has one fault; he considers nothing settled until it has been examined under the microscope; and whatever does not admit of a microscopic inspection he regards as lying beyond the ken of science.

Mr. Peeper's neighbor is Professor Sage, a teacher in the High School. The Professor's hobby is logic, and he is so astute that he can split hairs of thought and make the finest distinctions in the philosophical meanings of words. But, like his friend, he considers nothing true unless it be demonstrated with rigid formalism according to some syllogistic figure. He is able to stretch nearly everything upon some of the Procrustean beds of logical deduction or induction, and that which he cannot reduce to this treatment is regarded by him as unknowable.

They admire each other and agree very much in their scientific and philosophical views, although they differ in their methods of investigation. The difference

of their methods seemed to increase their friendship, for each, as a rule, submitted willingly, although sometimes not without a slight mental reservation, to the authority of the other, whenever the subject lay in the province of his special field.

"There is a new fangled philosophy," said the Professor one day to his friend. "Its maxims are formulated in two Isms. It calls itself Positivism, because it takes the facts of experience to start with; and Monism, because a systematic arrangement of facts is looked upon as the aim of cognition: Thus knowledge is regarded as a description of facts, and philosophy becomes a unitary world-conception. What do you think of this view?"

"All philosophies," said Mr. Peeper, "are in my opinion idle, and their study a waste of time."

"All philosophies?" asked the Professor sharply.

"Yes, all," he repeated,—adding slowly and in a considerate mood, "except agnosticism."

"Ah! I should say so!" rejoined the logician with unconcealed satisfaction.

"Well," continued the microscopist, "did you not tell me yourself: the gist of agnosticism is the idea that the world-problem is an inscrutable, an absolutely incomprehensible mystery? Ergo, all philosophies, all world-schemes, except that one which denies the possibility of any world-scheme, must be failures from the beginning."

Mr. Peeper always evaded controversies with his friend, for he knew that he could not hold his own in argument against him. Agreeing upon the whole with him on the question of agnosticism, he kept, nevertheless, detailed explanations of his own view for himself; for he felt that his explanations might show

divergencies which he did not care to discuss; they might reveal such a radical difference of opinion that the harmony of their souls might be destroyed. Mr. Peeper did not believe in philosophising at all. He thought by himself, "Theories and world-schemes cannot be placed under the microscope; they are mere fancies. Thus they must be regarded as outside the realm of science. Accordingly, they are not fit objects for scientific investigation."

Mr. Peeper was much more of an agnostic than his friend the logician, for he doubted even the absolute reliability of the syllogism, and believed that man knows nothing beyond what is revealed to him through the microscope. He was not even sure of the agnostic doctrine that the world-mystery is utterly incomprehensible. Thus he resembled the old philosopher Pyrrho who was so consistent in his scepticism that he doubted his own doubt.

"Positivism," said the logician, "is not only crude, but also illogical. To start with facts, what a proposition! What can we do with facts unless we have theories concerning them or at least methods of how to deal with them? We cannot do anything with facts without having principles. We must first have principles. Positivism derives principles and everything from facts, without considering that in doing so it presupposes certain principles. The problem is whence do the principles come? And, then, positivism assumes facts without proving them! Facts are exactly the mystery of the world. For instance, now I look at you, I see you, I have a sensation of sight. This sensation is a fact. So far, all right, but the positivists forget that facts cannot be proved. Facts must be proved. How can anybody prove that I have a sen-

sation? Here lies the problem. That is a mystery, and the mystery will remain unsolved forever."

"You are right," said Mr. Peeper. "The whole world consists of facts, and, supposing we know everything that science can discover, we should have to confess that all facts are equally mysterious." He paused for a few moments. Then, he continued, "Even this general statement is mysterious. For 'mysterious' is a relative term. The mysterious presupposes the comprehensible. Light and shade, obscurity and clearness go together. There are no shades in impenetrable darkness, and if the existence of all facts is absolutely mysterious, there would after all be no mystery in the existence of facts."

* * *

One day the microscopist called at the close of the school for the Professor to take a stroll with him through the park before going home. He found his friend surrounded by a number of boys, all of them absorbed in a deep problem. The Professor of natural science had fallen ill, and Professor Sage had taken his place pro tem. Professor Sage tried to conceal the fact, but the boys knew that he was not very familiar with natural science, and so they enjoyed puzzling him with questions. One of them had produced a queer bug, it was no dragon fly, no spider, no bumblebee, yet it resembled each of these insects.

The Professor appeared to be greatly puzzled when his friend entered. Mr. Peeper noticed at once the perplexing situation and when the Professor showed him the strange creature, Mr. Peeper took out of his pocket a capsule which he generally carried about him, put the bug in the capsule, and cut off all further dis-

cussion by the promise that he would investigate it under the microscope.

In the park they met the gardener of the conservatories. They showed him the rare specimen, and asked him whether he knew what it was.

"Yes," said the gardener with assurance, and the Professor was delighted at the prospect of receiving information. "Yes," said the gardener "that is a bug."

The Professor was disappointed. "My dear friend," said he, "you do not see the depth of the problem. We know very well that the creature is a bug; but of what kind, what family, what species?" He turned away sadly, thinking, "This man pretends to know something, and he knows nothing. How much more arrogant is the conceit that we can know something where the wisest minds must confess that we know nothing. It takes all the wisdom of the ages to understand that at bottom all knowledge is impossible."

When the two friends arrived at Mr. Peeper's home, he placed the unknown bug under the microscope. "Strange," he said. "The wings are those of a dragon fly. His head looks like a grasshopper's head. His hind body reminds one of the bumble-bee. I fear this creature is a very mysterious being. I wonder how it can exist at all? Its existence is illogical and self-contradictory."

"But it is a fact," said the Professor. "There it is."

"Yes, it is a fact. There it is," replied Mr. Peeper musingly. "There it lies before us in its undeniable presence. But, after all, what does that amount to?" he added, with a sarcastic twinkle in his eye. "A fact is only a fact. Facts cannot be proved. They are all equally mysterious. It seems to me that the whole

world, being an incomprehensible mystery, is like this bug. The whole world is mysterious. It is, for aught I know, as illogical and unintelligible as this little bug."

Mr. Peeper enjoyed, for the first time in his life, a superiority in discussing a subject with his friend. The Professor, who was so confident when engaged in a dispute on logical topics, was at sea in natural science. Mr. Peeper was much better informed in entomology than Professor Sage.

"Well," said the Professor, hesitatingly, "what shall I tell the boys to-morrow when they ask for the name of this mysterious beetle?"

"That bug is a rare specimen," said Mr. Peeper, "and indeed, excellently made by the creator who shaped him. But this wondrous world in which we live is faulty, why should not a bug have his faults too. Just look through the microscope and you will see the mucilage with which these heterogeneous parts are pasted together. If the boys ask you to-morrow what kind of a creature it is, tell them it is 'a humbug,' —and that is the reason why it is so mysterious."

THE HIGHEST TRUMP IN ARGUMENT.

THE HIGHEST TRUMP IN ARGUMENT.

WILLIE SMITH went to school in town, but his parents lived in the country. When he came home during vacation he brought with him a rifle which he had bought with his pocket money. The little fellow was very proud of his gun although it was not of extra quality, as may be judged from the behaviour of the sparrows who were little alarmed when the young hunter appeared in the yard.

Will did not care so much for the opinion of the sparrows as for the admiration of his little friends in the neighborhood. So he went to Pat Runy, the son of the blacksmith, to show him his new gun.

Paddy was not the boy to be easily imposed upon. He had seen better guns in his life and he thought little of "that toy." Will had to bring forward some argument to impress upon Paddy the idea that his gun was something extraordinary; so he said: "The barrel and the trimmings are of silver."

"They are not!" said Paddy.

"That's silver," repeated Will indignantly, "look how it glitters in the sun."

Paddy was a little older than Will and had sometimes helped his father in the shop. So he said with an air of superiority: "The barrel is plain iron and the trimmings are nickel plated. They are not silver."

"How do ye know?" replied Will. "We don't know anyhow what silver is."

"Just ask Tom!" Paddy shouted, eager to corroborate his assertion by the authority of his elder brother who had attended a course in chemistry at college. "*He* must know; *he* knows all about metals."

Will remained undaunted. "Tom knows nothing about silver. He melts the metals in his retorts and weighs them; he knows what they look like and such things. But he does not and cannot know what silver really is. No one knows that."

"Don't he?" asked Paddy with scorn.

"No, he don't," emphasised the little agnostic with an assurance that results alone from the confidence of proposing an unanswerable argument. "No one knows what silver really is."

Paddy had a glib tongue. He always was ready with an answer. But this time he was silenced. Philosophers do not know what things are in themselves. How should he know? Scientists know only what things appear to be. Closely considered they know nothing.

Paddy was not a philosopher but he was a smart boy and that means more; for a smart boy can at any time most easily become a philosopher by turning agnostic.

Paddy became a philosopher; and now whenever in a controversy he is at his wit's end, he will jump at his adversary with the plain declaration that, in his opinion, the wisest man is he who openly confesses his ignorance and frankly acknowledges that he knows no more than the stupidest fool. If anyone dares to know somthing, he is mercilessly pilloried for arrogance, and our modest philosopher who on some other occasions pretends to know so much, smiles in the consciousness of superior wisdom with an air of Socratic modesty.

THE PHILOSOPHER'S MARTYRDOM.

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I. THE PHILOSOPHERS' CLUB.

SOME years ago a philosophical interest was awakened in America. People began to study philosophy with a zeal characteristic of all the enterprises of the western world. Everybody was determined to become a philosopher; and philosophical clubs were established all over the land.

Philosophy is a good thing, but the study of it is hard work. A philosophical craze is better than a progressive euchre craze, or even an Oscar Wilde or a Delsartean craze, but it is not so easy to create. Oscar Wilde puts a sunflower in the girdle of young ladies and advises them to keep the crockery on the mantle piece in amiable disorder, as if the servant had forgotten to tidy the room. Delsarte makes those who believe in him pose in pathetic attitudes, like tragedians on the stage. Such clubs with æsthetic tendencies are easily arranged, but the problem how to manage a philosophical craze was hard to solve. That it could be managed there was no doubt, and it had to be accomplished in some way. The plan was to get a few musty generalities, and if possible, such as had a slight crack in them. As cracked china is always more valuable when it is old, why should not a philosophical idea, in the same predicament, also be more valuable? But, of course, it must, at first sight, be pa-

thetic, overawing, and imposing—something sublime beyond the comprehension of any ordinary mortal, and, if possible, something downright impossible.

A philosophical craze was regarded as something grand, for it is superior to anything that sober people can imagine. It creates at once an intellectual aristocracy. No wonder that the philosophical craze swept with rapidity over the whole country and extended also beyond the Atlantic to England and to the Anglo-American colonies on the European continent.

In one of the big capitals of Europe a philosophical club was founded, the president and leader of which was Mr. Charles Green the son of an American father and a French mother. Mr. Charles Green opened the first meeting of the new club with a reading from Mr. Herbert Spencer's "First Principles." He expounded them brilliantly. No divine ever explained the Bible better than he set forth the unfathomable depths of the prophet of a new dispensation. He read repeatedly the concluding words, as though he wanted his audience to memorize them. "Here, then," he emphasised, "is an ultimate religious truth of the highest possible certainty—a truth in which religions in general are at one with each other, and with a philosophy antagonistic to their especial dogmas. And this truth, respecting which there is a latent agreement among all mankind from the fetish-worshipper to the most stoical critic of human creeds, must be the one we seek—the Power which the universe manifests to us is utterly inscrutable."

The speaker dwelt on the fact that the deepest wisdom lies in ignorance. A philosopher is he who is not ashamed to confess his ignorance in plain terms. "Why, then, my friends," he said, "Why not con-

fess our ignorance? Is it so difficult to part with the vain idea that we know something? No, it is not. On the contrary, it is a very pleasant idea, for we know that all knowledge is vanity. Consider only that the greatest scientist who has plodded through a whole life to find the truth, and has accumulated an enormous stock of knowledge, is, after all, a shallow ignoramus. His knowledge is not philosophical knowledge. It is good enough so far as it goes, but it is of an inferior kind. The wiseacre of a specialist makes petty discriminations but is unable to appreciate the importance of generalisation. And the most universal of all generalisations to which a philosopher only can attain, is the truth that the world mystery is transcendent; and it is not a relative, but an absolute, mystery. I plead with you to throw off all the vanity of pretended knowledge, and the hope that science can accomplish anything worth mentioning, for nothing can replace the grand revelation of our eternal, irredeemable ignorance. Throw off all false pride; turn philosophers, and let us commemorate this memorable day on which we started, this glorious philosophical movement, as the day of our second birth."

Here he assumed a dramatic attitude that he had inherited from his French mother. "Let us celebrate," he continued, "this great event, by turning over a new leaf, and pledge ourselves to become and to remain philosophers forever; to live and to die philosophers, adopting the great truth of agnosticism. I shall, in this holy hour, change my name and call myself Ernest Ignoro—Ernest, in order to denote that I am serious in becoming a philosopher, and Ignoro, to express my reverence for the greatest of all truths and the most general of all generalisations. My creed

be henceforth that there is no wisdom except in ignorance."

The members of the club were carried away with Mr. Green's eloquence, and they praised his truly Socratic wisdom. Several resolutions were made in the spirit of his address, and all of them were adopted.

The motions might have been passed unanimously, if it had not been for one single exception. One of the members, M. François Chevalier, was of a sarcastic turn of mind. He was the jarring element in that glorious meeting, a kind of Mephisto, and many thought it a pity that he had joined the club. We are impartial enough to say that it was well he joined, for even in things evil there is something good.

M. Chevalier sneered at the idea that a philosophy of ignorance could accomplish anything useful, and he proposed the impertinent question, how M. Green—alias Mr. Ignoro—could manage to live according to his principle. M. Chevalier confessed that we knew very little, but that little knowledge we had was the basis of our conduct, of our achievements in practical life, and of our ethics. Philosophy, if it is to be of any purpose at all, must be applicable to practical life.

M. Chevalier's opposition created a sensation, and it almost threatened to bring about a schism. Not that any one agreed with him, but they differed among themselves in refuting him. Some thought that philosophy was not to be applied to practical life. Philosophy is too grand, too sublime. Others declared that philosophy afforded all that could be desired, for it lifted the members of the philosophical club at once above the mediocrity of mankind, and opened a field of vision from the height of the largest of all generalisations.

All further discussion ceased when M. Ignoro took the word and declared that many good ideas had been uttered by all the speakers. Although he disapproved of the attitude of his friend, he felt much obliged to him for the suggestion. He had to confess in all sincerity that there was an inkling of truth in his remarks concerning the applicability of philosophical truth. Philosophy must become practical, and he himself meant to apply philosophy to practical life. "But," he said, "in the enthusiasm for the great cause we have forgotten the limit that time imposes upon all finite beings." And so he suggested that a motion to adjourn was in order, proposing at the same time to study in the next session, the ethics of agnosticism. "The best book on the subject," he added, "is Mr. Spencer's 'Data of Ethics.' A perusal of this great work will teach us that agnosticism is in possession of ethics." As yet M. Chevalier is, at best, only very superficially acquainted with philosophy, and with the grand conclusions to which its arguments lead.

II. MR. IGNORO'S ETHICS.

Several sessions were devoted to the study of Mr. Spencer's data of ethics. M. Chevalier made many objections but they were set aside, and he was told to wait till they had gone over the whole work.

A special session was devoted to a discussion of the ethics of agnosticism. M. Chevalier read a paper on the subject. He dwelt on the idea that Mr. Spencer's great principle of the greatest happiness for the greatest number could not be derived from the maxim of a complete ignorance concerning the world-problem. The philosophy of evolution should teach an ethics of

evolution; and the ethics of evolution does not so much teach us to aspire for happiness, either of self or of others, as, without shunning pain or seeking pleasures, to become strong so as to be fit for a survival. He said, "I, for one, do not think it a sin to enjoy my self; but if I act with the end in view to enjoy myself, or to promote my own happiness or that of other peo ple, I do not pretend to be ethical. I think, too, that it is very pleasant to do something for the enjoyment of others, but I do not relish the idea that a man, depriving himself of comforts to provide for the pleasures of others, should be regarded as obeying the moral law. If it were so, giving a ball, or gathering one's friends for merry-making and carousals, would be a highly commendable and praiseworthy act, supposing that everyone present at the carousal kept within the limits of propriety—a conclusion which I cannot ac cept. I believe that immorality if pursued long enough will always lead, if not to unhappiness, most certainly to ruin. For immorality, in my opinion, is that which disagrees with the world-order. Immorality is that which makes a creature unfit to exist. Morality is that which gives life; but pleasurableness is not a criterion by which we recognise that which makes us fit to live. Does not our happiness vary with our temper? Shall we have as many different kinds of morality as we have kinds of happiness?

Among other things the speaker insisted most vigorously upon the idea that the deed of rational beings must be in accordance with a rational idea. Take away the idea and the deed becomes a mere instinct ive reflex act without any moral value.

The speaker was severely criticised, and attempts at refutation were made in different ways; but most of

them appeared more like writhing under strokes that had hit a vital spot, and none of the debaters was able to boast of having replied satisfactorily, until M. Ignoro took the word. M. Ignoro showed himself master of the situation. He proved, with great adroitness, that whenever we did not know, we were at liberty to act as we please. The old gnostics of religious revelations pretended to know much and told us many things that we ought to do. Thus he declared with emphasis, the negative knowledge of agnosticism has some positive value. Philosophy comes as a liberator from any pretended or false knowledge. It shows that we know nothing, and that we can know nothing; that all the vainglorious gnosis of preacher and priest are at best guess work, and mostly even fraud. We know nothing of any moral authority whom we have to obey. Accordingly, we can act at our pleasure. Pleasure is good in itself, and we have only to avoid those pleasures which do others harm. And this leads to the great generalisation of making the greatest amount of pleasure of the greatest possible number the criterion of goodness. M. Chevalier, he added, showed in this session not only a lack of logic, but also of republican principles.

M. Ignoro was a zealous republican, and was a member of the chamber of deputies, where he was one of the severest critics and opponents of the imperial government. M. Chevalier was a republican also, but, as M. Ignoro expressed it, "only in name"; for M. Chevalier did not see that right or wrong could be decided only by a majority vote. He apparently deprived the people of their privilege of making their will the supreme sovereign of all government. Nor could M. Chevalier understand, on the supposition of pleasure

being the criterion of ethics, how, any one could be obliged to sacrifice his own pleasures for the pleasures of the majority.

"Granting," he continued, "that pleasure is good in itself—that it is the thing to be desired as the highest good, I do not see how, by the common rules of logic, you can prove to me that I ought to sacrifice my pleasures for the majority. Tell me plainly, why shall we submit to their dictates?"

M. Ignoro replied quickly and sharply, "Our fellow beings are exactly as much as we ourselves, sentient beings, and we have to respect their sentiments."

"Well, then," retorted M. Chevalier, "do you mean to make sentiment the ultimate test of approval, so that whenever the greatest amount of pleasurable feeling results from an action, such action is right? and *that* alone is to be considered good?"

"Yes," replied M. Ignoro, "I do mean to say that."

"I have," said M. Chevalier, "a farm in the country, and I raise sheep. Do you suppose the shepherd's actions should be regulated by a majority vote of the living and feeling beings around him? The sheep are just as much living and feeling beings as you and I and the shepherd are. The sheep cannot speak, but we have sufficient means of knowing what their pleasure is, and it is certain that they would object to being slaughtered and eaten, perhaps also to giving up their wool, and there are more sheep than men, on the farm. The same is true of all cattle, and it is most likely that there are more brutes living in the whole world than men. Should the conduct of human society be regulated by that which we know would be the pleasure of the majority of living and feeling beings on the earth?"

M. Ignoro denounced these arguments as trifling with a serious subject, and declared that somewhere as a matter of course, a limit ought to be drawn; and he meant to draw it between the sentiments of rational and irrational beings.

"That is a valuable concession," interrupted M. Chevalier. "If the criterion of ethics shall be found in the sentiments of rational beings only, why not express the idea thus: that rationality shall be one of the marks by which we recognise a moral act? And, to be sure, rationality could not be decided by a majority vote. We might as well accept or reject the Pythagorean theorem according as it pleases or displeases the majority."

M. Ignoro resented the sarcastic tone of M. Chevalier's arguments. "We are little helped," he said, "by witty remarks which have no bearing on the question. They deserve no answer; but, for the sake of the audience he was willing to respond to these queries. The greatest number of rational beings means the greatest number of men. They have a right to inforce their will, although it should conflict as little as possible with the interests of the minority. But, wherever a collision was unavoidable, it had to be regarded as the minor evil, and the minority had, if needs be to bring this sacrifice to the common welfare.

"Exactly so," interrupted M. Chevalier. "It is necessary to bring sacrifices for the common welfare, but I deny that the pleasure of the majority constitutes the common welfare. The will of the majority has nothing to do either with morality or with right or truth. Suppose we make a calculation, and I do it correctly, while you all make the same blunder, will you maintain that my calculation is wrong because you constitute a

majority? No, whatever you may say to the contrary, there is something else besides the amount of pleasure that makes things true and untrue, right and wrong, moral and immoral. One man may be right in the face of the whole world; that action may be wrong which pleases the majority of all."

It was shown to M. Chevalier that it was very unlikely that all would make exactly the same mistake. It was granted, that anybody was liable to make mistakes, but the mistakes of many counterbalance and correct one another, so that the right would in the end necessarily result.

A vote was taken at the end of the discussion in order to decide which was the correct principle of ethics, and the maxim of the greatest happiness for the greatest number was adopted by an overwhelming majority vote.

M. Ignoro, after this glorious session, congratulated the club on its grand success, and proposed that the members pledge themselves to live according to the maxim they had so enthusiastically endorsed. He, himself, avowed on oath that he would never fail to do his ethical duty, and be obedient to the behests of morality, his ideal being the greatest happiness of the greatest number of the society of human beings in which he lived.

While one of the members made the motion to adjourn, a messenger brought a dispatch addressed to M. Green, M. P., which summoned him at once to an extra session of his party. There had been, in these days, a great political excitement. Rumors of war disturbed the public mind, and it seemed as if the government planned great enterprises for the aggrandisement and promotion of the country's good. M.

Ignoro had always opposed all government measures, and he was also at present opposed to the imperial policy. He belonged to the party that desired peace; so, when he received the dispatch, he was anxious to go, in order to make his influence felt among his friends.

The philosophical club adjourned, all members being much agitated by the political news. It seemed as if they were now to find a great occasion for practically applying the ethical principles of their philosophy to real life. They left the hall elated with the sentiment of living for the greatest happiness of the greatest number.

III. THE TIME OF TRIAL.

M. Ignoro hastened to the meeting of his party. It was only a few blocks distant, but it took him more than half an hour to reach the place. The boulevards which he had to cross were filled with long processions of people bearing lanterns, flags and festoons. While he had to wait till he got a chance to slip through their files to the other side of the street, he read some of the inscriptions: "Down with the enemy!" "*À Berlin*!" "The people want war!" and other exciting mottoes. When he reached the hall where his party met, he found his friends possessed of the same spirit. It seemed as if the whole nation had been intoxicated with plans of conquest, martial renown, and the spirit of revenge for some unknown offences.

"My friends," M. Ignoro exclaimed, as soon as he had reached the platform, "do not be carried away by this passion of excitement instigated by an imperial usurper for the sole purpose of strengthening his

throne. Consider how terrible a thing war is. Imagine the horrors of a battle field, the agonies of the dying, the sufferings of the wounded, the sorrows of widows and orphans. Can you wish for war which inflicts so many pains, and has no equivalent of pleasures?"

M. Ignoro was roughly interrupted by his friends. One of them rose and shouted with a stern voice, "I wonder, my friend, that you have so little comprehension of those greatest of all pleasures which thrill through our souls. Do you not care for the glory and aggrandisement of our country. What are all the pains you speak of in comparison to the happiness of the nation? The pains pass away, but the glory remains. Yes, more than this, there is an unspeakable pleasure in dying on the battle-field as a hero that fights for his country! If you weigh pleasures against pains, the balance is greatly in favor of undertaking this most glorious war. Who would be so chicken-hearted as to shrink from sacrificing his life for the greatness of his country, and for the happiness of the grandest of all nations. Our party stands on this principle; let the people rule. If we oppose the will of the people, we shall lose all our influence, and our political enemies will point at us as unpatriotic citizens: while our armies conquer our adversaries, the liberal party will be pilloried as having antagonised the public welfare and the glory of our country. Let us not oppose the people's will. The people desire war; let them have it. Let our nation march on at the head of civilisation, to rule Europe, and through Europe, the whole world."

The people wanted war, and they had war. M. Ignoro's opposition was lost in the general excitement,

but he was soon satisfied with the course of events when he convinced himself that the majority of the nation preferred the pleasures of war to the pleasures of peace, and was willing to bear the pains which a war might bring. It is true that the declaration of war was made on a mere pretense. The cause of the war was obviously unjust. The occasion was almost too slight for a mere quarrel, but the people dreamt of great victories, extensive conquests and rich spoils. Everybody expected a surplus of happiness as the ultimate result, so he at last joined the war party himself.

The enthusiasm did not last long, for the disappointments came quicker than anybody anticipated. Defeats took the place of victories and the situation became desperate.

* * *

The philosophical club met no more. When the members saw one another in the streets, they talked politics instead of philosophy. Only once M. Ignoro was reminded of his ethical principle. M. Chevelier stopped him in the street and asked him of what use had been to him his maxim that all actions should bring about the greatest happiness of the greatest number.

M. Ignoro replied, "It came about exactly as I presaged. There are no pleasures in war; nothing but pains. Those who conjured up the spirit of war made gross miscalculations."

M. Chevelier replied, in a sarcastic tone, "I doubt very much whether, according to your principle, the action of the emperor and our representatives in parliament is not perfectly justified. There are pains enough in war, and it is we who have to endure them.

But there are also pleasures in war, and it is our enemies who enjoy them. But then, our enemies constitute the majority, and if the happiness of the greatest number is the aim of your actions, you ought to be satisfied with the outcome of the war. If I were in your place, I would thank fate that thus it allowed you to remain a moral being. Think how immoral it would have been if our nation, constituting the minority, had derived a greater happiness from this ominous war than our enemies!"

"My dear friend," replied M. Ignoro, "you are a scoffer, but there is more truth in your words than you might be willing to concede yourself. The principle is quite correct, and if a greater happiness of a greater number can be brought about by our sufferings, we suffer justly."

M. Chevelier shook his head. "I have a different opinion. The happiness principle in ethics is a very good thing for those that are happy. It works well in prosperity, but it ceases to be of any value in the time of trials and misfortunes. It is a very poor comfort for those whose fate condemns them to be counted among the unhappy, even though they may constitute the minority."

M. Ignoro had no time for further argument. He was too busy. "Those who have to suffer in order that the greatest happiness shall be enjoyed by the greatest number ought to do so with resignation and in perfect contentment," he said with dignity and hurried away.

There is no thing so evil but it has a good side. The misfortunes of war brought deliverance from tyranny. The emperor was dethroned, and the country was declared a republic. It was now the turn of the liberal party to regulate the affairs of the nation. It

was a great opportunity for M. Ignoro, but he was more disappointed in his hopes than before. The avalanche once started is not easily stopped, and one revolution may be followed by another. So the proclamation of the republic was superseded by the declaration of a socialistic constitution for the nation. And this second revolutionary movement came so unexpected, and the republicans who had just come into power were so little prepared for it that the capital was at once in the hands of the socialistic party.

M. Ignoro, being the leader of the republican party, was arrested by the socialists now in power. A mob of ragged men led him before a tribunal of the new city government and demanded clamorously the punishment of a man who had done his best to prevent a rising of the masses to take their share of the common prosperity.

M. Ignoro protested against their accusations. He declared that he had devoted his life to bringing about the greatest happiness of the greatest number, and did not see any offense in his aspirations.

The chief judge—a man whose real name was unknown even to his nearest friends, for they generally called him Dynamite Jim, because he had proposed to blow up all government buildings with dynamite—said to M. Ignoro, "You seem to be a sensible man, and that may save your life. I am glad to see that we agree in principles. You are known as a rich man. You have grown fat by the fleecing of the poor. It will be but just to give up your possessions for the benefit of those whom you have despoiled. We shall forgive you your former trespasses committed in withholding for your own benefit that which might have made many thousands happy. We will spare your life on

the condition that you swear to leave this country and to return nevermore. Your property shall be duly used for the great cause to which you have devoted your life. Instead of serving to promote the happiness of one, we shall use it to promote the happiness of many."

There was no other chance of escape for M. Ignoro than to accept the proposition of Dynamite Jim. He swore to give up his property and to leave the country.

M. Ignoro's views concerning the happiness of the greatest number were different from the views of the ragged crowd that surrounded him, but they constituted the majority, and they certainly must know what kind of happiness suited them best. When he left for Havre with the small sum that had been granted him by Dynamite Jim and his friends, he carried along with him at least one comfort: His misfortunes were more than overbalanced by the pleasures which others derived from his loss.

IV. FAITHFUL TO THE END.

The steamer "Plaisire" on which M. Ignoro sailed was bound for some far off country in the southern seas. But she never reached her destination. During the voyage the ship was struck by a terrible hurricane. She foundered not far from an island, and all the passengers except M. Ignoro were drowned almost in sight of land. He alone was fortunate enough to swim to shore. But, alas! The island on which he had been lucky enough to save his life was inhabited by cannibals. They captured him and put him in a cage to be fattened for their greatest annual festival which they called "Thanksgiving Day."

The cannibals of the island were unusually polite and civilised, and M. Ignoro had leisure enough to learn their language. He attempted to convert them to his philosophy, but great was his astonishment when he found that they agreed with him perfectly. They also believed in the greatest happiness of the greatest number, and their high priest took much trouble in explaining to him his situation. "It is a maxim of ours," he said, "to slaughter all white men who happen to be cast ashore. Their life among us, if we suffer them to live, would be only a series of unendurable annoyances to themselves and also to us. Accordingly it is better for them to die than to live and have a surplus of pains over pleasures. A man has to die anyhow, and he will have an easier death if he is slaughtered at the butcher's than if he die piecemeal on a sick-bed. And if he is dead, I can assure you that there is no pain in being eaten, while the pleasure of eating is indubitable.

"You, of course, deny," he added, "that there is any pleasure in eating human flesh. But that is only your one-sided view of the subject. I understand perfectly that you, in the predicament in which you are at present, are prejudiced against our institutions. But you will readily grant that we must understand better what gives us pleasure, than you do. We cannot make you the judge of what our happiness should be."

M. Ignoro was sensible enough to understand that any remonstrance was in vain; nor would it have been a fair demand on his part to let his own views of happiness be the criterion of the happiness of others. Everybody must know best what gives him pleasure.

When Thanksgiving Day came he ended his life with perfect contentment, for he was conscious that he

had lived up to the principles of his ethical maxim. He had contributed all he could to increase the greatest happiness of the greatest number, and he died a martyr to his convictions.

No tombstone marks the place of his last abode. But the people of the cannibal island keep his memory green. They still praise the tenderness of the white man who furnished them with the daintiest—at least in their opinion daintiest—Thanksgiving meal they ever enjoyed.

THE CONVENTION OF THE ANIMALS.

THE CONVENTION OF THE ANIMALS.

A FABLE.

A LONG, long time ago, the animals convoked a general congress. Their idea was to get together at some convenient place and to determine, in parliamentary conference, which was the greatest, best, and noblest creature of the animal kingdom. If a decision could be arrived at on this point, it was plain that it would be the easiest thing in the world to set up an ideal which all animals could strive to realize. They would then know how a model animal really looked and acted.

So the animals assembled. Amid the enormous multitude attending, were to be seen, the Lion, the Tiger, the Elephant, the Fox, the Badger, the Eagle, the Bat, the Crocodile, and also Man and the Monkey. These, so to speak, were the aristocracy ; but of course there were countless hosts of other and lesser creatures present.

The Convention was called to order by a trumpet-blast from the Elephant. The Giraffe, who towered high above all the other animals, was chosen presi-

dent of the assembly by acclamation. Immediately the Fox jumped to his feet, to take exception to this proceeding. Said he:

"Gentlemen! If we elect the Giraffe president of this Convention, we shall, in so doing, irrevocably commit ourselves to the position, that height and size of body are the decisive factors in the great question we have here convened to settle. Did we assemble here to decide which was the tallest, or which was the greatest animal? No. We came to decide which was deserving to be called the *best*. And I move you, therefore, Gentlemen, that, in accordance with parliamentary usage, the Giraffe as chairman pro tem. be instructed to proceed immediately to the election of a permanent president."

Tremendous applause was the reward of the speaker. Whereupon the Giraffe took the floor, and declared that he made no pretensions whatsoever to precedence on acconnt of his great stature alone; his claim was founded upon the beauty of his dappled skin and the gentleness of his character. Majesty, Beauty, and Goodness were the true pearls of perfection. Whether he was what he claimed to be—that he was willing to leave to the high body before him assembled, and he would, therefore, proceed, he said, in conformity with the wish of the Convention, to the nomination of candidates.

A dreadful hubbub ensued. The animals shrieked and clamored. They feared their deepest and most cherished wishes were not to be realized.

"Petitio Principii!" screamed the Parrot, who had learned a great deal in his life-time, but was far from profiting by it. What he meant to say was, that the very question which it was the purpose of the con-

vention to settle had been taken for granted at the start.

"Quack! Quack!" screamed the duck. "It's a piece of senseless folly. Quack."

The Lamb would fain have said something, too. His private opinion was, that Goodness alone should be decisive. If it were not so, why in the name of sense do people call Goodness good! Beauty and Grandeur are dangerous appendages. But the Lamb was weak and stupid; so he said nothing except "Bah! Bah! Bah!"

The strong and powerful animals as yet had not interfered. The Lion and the Tiger glared fiercely into the crowd, and kept busily a-thinking. But the hubbub grew so great that finally the Elephant lost all patience; he sprang up and dashing into the crowd, that the earth quaked beneath his feet, wound his trumpet so loudly, that he drowned the noise of everything about him.

When quiet had been restored, he declared that the President did not have to be the best animal at all. That was just the point the Convention had to decide. They ought not to elect such a feeble animal as the Giraffe president, which belonged to the same family as the sheep, but a person that could keep good order.

"Preside, yourself! Preside, yourself!" piped the Plover. The Plover was a well-intentioned, but nevertheless a very fickle fellow and easily impressed.

"Excellent," grunted the Hog. The Hog was proud of the fact that a pachyderm should thus be honored. He looked upon the Elephant as his cousin.

The Elephant took the chair, and order was indeed restored.

The new president declared that the violent scenes

but just enacted had taught the Convention one important lesson—namely, What was the first course necessary to be taken. For, before anything else was done, some irrefragable, incontrovertible principle must be discovered and established in accordance with which the decision of what was Good should be determined. Not until that had been accomplished, could they hope to decide which deserved to be regarded the best and the most excellent animal.

Speaker after speaker arose. Each lauded the wisdom of the Elephant and declared that surely the President must agree with the position each, guided solely by reason, took. Each believed that his idea of Good bore upon its face an incontestible guaranty of its truth.

Said the Lion: "The greatest virtue is strength. The ideal of perfection is power. The weak perish, the strong survive. Strong teeth, stout sinews, firm muscles, solid bones—such are the criteria that should form the basis of judgment."

Next came the Flea. But unfortunately he spoke so low that he could not be heard throughout the entire assembly. He quoted the very first sentence from a famous work on psychology, saying: "'The lowest animal and the highest animal present no contrast more striking than that between the small self-mobility of the one and the great self-mobility of the other.' Locomotive power accordingly in comparison with size is the factor that determines excellence. Given that and the victory of fleahood is ensured. So far as I myself am concerned, I have kept and always intend to keep on the top in the struggle for existence, come what may."

The Monkey followed the Flea. He agreed with

the Flea in so far as the latter appealed to the philosopher cited. "But," said he, "the gentleman that preceded me seems to forget that according to the authority on which he relies complexity of motion is also a factor in determining excellence. One must possess organs that enable one to perform complicated movements. Every one knows how useful the hand is to Man. Nay, the hand makes the Man. Which signifies, that the more hands an animal has, the higher will be his position in the scale of life. The possession of four hands is the cherished ideal of all living creatures, and that ideal is far transcended when in addition to hands there is a developed a fifth organ of prehension—namely, a TAIL.

Hereupon the monkeys all yelled "Hurrah!" and the other animals remained gloomily silent.

The Fox, in his turn, dexterously set forth, how slyness was the condition of all success. What was the use of mobility and activity, if they were not employed to good account in the protection and advancement of Self. The Farmer, he added, labors for my benefit. He raises and cares for his poultry, and I partake of his property in the measure that the wants of life require.

The Eagle came forward and demonstrated, that foxes labored under one enormous disadvantage. They could not fly. Many a poor Reynard had he seen die of hunger because of his inability to get at the doves in a tree-top. Flying is the power we must possess. If Man could fly, he would be master of us all. That is why he is now trying to learn it. What man is unable to do, *that* birds can do. Among birds therefore is the ideal of living creatures to be sought.

The Sparrow concurred in what the previous

speaker had said, in so far as it was certain that a bird must be the ideal animal. But added he, the chief aim of life must not be left out of consideration. We have not only to live, but also to enjoy life. If not, what benefit have we from existence! He himself had always been a merry fellow. He had seen, it was true, hard times. Last winter hundreds of his friends and relatives had perished of hunger and cold. He himself owed his preservation to the fact that he had found a wretched, though warm shelter in the chimney of a school-house. The children there had fed him to his heart's content. "They were hard times," he concluded, "but one must view life philosophically. I have abundant opportunity to observe other animals, and am often surprised at their want of insight. The silliest animal of all animals is without question Man. Man thinks ever of the future, and seldom enjoys the present. His whole life long doth he labor and worry, instead of employing the present moment, and being of good cheer and ever in buoyant spirits."

The Bat was of opinion, that everything should be examined and the best retained. There was no doubt of it, he continued, that, as the Eagle said, the Mammals, with Man at their head, would be the highest animals if they could only fly. The substance of all perfection, accordingly, could only be possessed by those animals that united both qualities. Mammals that could fly, must it be; and noble mammals, whose breasts lay over their hearts!

Man had also sent up his name to the Speaker; but there were so many animals on the list ahead of him, that he would have had to wait several days before his turn came. Having various matters of importance to attend to, however, he concluded that it

was not worth his while to await the issue of the Convention, and departed. He wrote a report of what happened up to the time of his departure. What was the outcome of the affair we do not know.

* * *

There is a rumor afloat among the other animals that man had left the convention from pure vanity. He had hoped that he would be proclaimed the ideal animal, but during the discussion he had found out that he was lacking in all the virtues which were regarded as constituting the standard of excellence. There was no chance left for him.

And certainly man was not the tallest creature, not the strongest in muscular power, not the cunningest in sly shrewdness; his locomotive powers were not extraordinary; he did not possess the most complicated organs, he was not the merriest in the enjoyment of life; even in the highest virtue of the sheep's good-naturedness he was extremely lacking. Yet he went to work and joined hand with his brother-man. With common wants, they spoke a common language. Their struggle for existence was severest among all creatures, but they comprehended the causes of their troubles one by one, and learned from their hardships. The very evils of life taught them to progress; they fought their way against odds, and took possession of the earth.

Man became powerful as a disciple of nature, by adapting himself to the course of natural events. And now he, in his turn, humanizes nature, not by rendering nature unnatural, but by consecrating nature to the wants of humanity. Humanity, we must know, is the most purely natural part of nature, her highest efflorescence and the incarnation of her divinity.

Man, by humanizing nature, appears as the most egotistic animal; yet man's egotism is not mere selfishness. Man's soul is more than his self. Obedient to the laws of existence, man's soul became an image of the laws of nature. Representing in his mind the divine order of the world and regulating his action accordingly, he became the incarnation of nature's divinity. In this way his dominion over the creation of all the other animals has been firmly established.

Man is not the master of nature, but her first born son. He is potent by submission, and he rules by obedience.

THE PEOPLE BY THE SEA.

THE PEOPLE BY THE SEA.

THERE was a people living by the sea. The men were brave, the women were kind-hearted and the children were educated after the manner of their fathers to be fearless, faithful, and strong. The country was not fertile for it was mostly sand, heath, or mountains covered with trees; and the people were poor. But they were industrious and hardy; and although they were not rich, they had enough to live upon and to support their children. They were anxious to live in peace with all their neighbors, but powerful enemies surrounded their country who dared to ravage their lands, to harass their towns and to deprive them of the free navigation of their rivers. Being exposed to continual dangers they were compelled to arm themselves so as to preserve their independence; and they kept a constant watch upon their frontiers lest they might be taken unawares by a sudden invasion of their enemies.

Out of their dangers rose a hero wise in council and brave in battle, a chief and a lawgiver whom his people loved. They named him Frederick, which means the peaceful; for they loved peace and there was nothing they wished for more eagerly than that the troubles of war should be spared them. Frederick was a statesman and a warrior, for although he loved peace the enemies of his country made war upon him,

and he was compelled to fight many battles to preserve the independence of his people.

There was in his time a division among the nations. Parties were formed, and everyone had to join one side or the other, for he who tried to keep peace was trodden under foot by both parties and Frederick joined that side which was nearest in kin to his own people, and he did so gladly, for his allies opposed oppression and fought for right.

But when the war was done and the enemies vanquished all round, Frederick's allies made peace for their own advantage without consulting him and left him alone in arms against a multitude of enemies. We are now satisfied, they said to him; so look out for yourself, and Frederick had to make peace too, for he had grown old and what was he alone against many? Although he had been victorious in all his battles, he had to make great sacrifices. Deserted by his allies he could not make peace on his own terms, but had to accept the terms offered by his enemies. He signed the treaty of peace with a heavy heart, and feeling his death near at hand he said, "Would that someone would rise out of my ashes to right my wrongs."

When Frederick died his people buried him with his fathers and wept for him; but his enemies said, "a dead lion is no better than a dead dog. He is dust now and all is over with him. We can now prey upon his people with impunity."

And so it seemed, indeed. Years passed by and times became war-like again. Then it happened that the grandson of Frederick died and the son of his grandson was called upon to rule the people by the sea. He was a youth, and his name like that of his ancestor was Frederick. The powerful enemies of the

people by the sea smiled, for they said, "The old hero is dead. There is a boy on the throne of his fathers and we shall make an easy conquest of him."

But when the young Frederick went forth to do battle, he smote his enemies with might and though they were many and he stood alone, he triumphed over them in battle and they fled before him. But his people hailed him and they shouted, "The spirit of the old hero is risen from the dead. He marches before us, he leadeth us to victory again. He is more powerful than before. He was old and now he is young, he was dead and now he is living, we were humiliated and now we are victorious."

This second Frederick won many battles and he was honored by all the world. There were many that hated him, but none that dared to withhold from him respect. He ruled wisely many years and he grew old and when the days of his life had been fulfilled, he died in peace and his people wept for him and they buried him with his fathers. Frederick had no children, and the son of his brother ruled in his stead.

Frederick's warriors had become proud for they were feared by their enemies and all the neighbors kept peace for many years. And while pride had crept into the hearts of men, the spirit of courage had left them and Frederick slumbered in his grave as if he were dead for ever and would not rise again.

Times of tribulation came, and Frederick's warriors were beaten. The enemies swept over the country, they entered the cities and took possession of the strongholds, and the people were powerless to resist them. Even the bravest had given up all hope for they saw the glory of the past fade away, and they thought the spirit of the great Frederick had forsaken them.

But they were mistaken. The soul of a great man does not die, it is immortal. All that is good and true has the power of eternal life, and if it be crushed to earth it will rise again. The soul may sleep but it will not die. It lies quiet like the seed in the ground, but it abides its time. When its hour comes it will have a resurrection, and when it appears again it will be nobler, stronger, greater.

When the times grew from bad to worse the most courageous men gathered together and said, "We will no longer endure our shame. If we cannot drive the enemy out of our strongholds and beat him out of the land let us do him battle and die sword in hand. It is better to be dead than to live in shame."

It was the spirit of Frederick that spoke in them. And they went forth to battle, and they fought with valor, and they were victorious. They beat the enemy powerful though he was, and they beat him again and again until he was driven out of the country.

Peace was made and it lasted for two generations. Then the enemy had gathered new strength and renewed the war with fresh vigor, but he met strong men undaunted in courage and with strong arms. And the enemy was beaten more crushingly than ever before and the people hailed him and said:

"The spirit of our fathers is not yet dead, it still lives in our hearts. The souls of our heroes cannot die, unless they perish by neglect. Therefore let us be faithful to preserve the inheritance of virtue, strength, wisdom, and goodwill, that has been bequeathed to us from our ancestors, let us preserve their spiritual being in our souls and in the souls of our children, and when we shall die to be buried with our fathers, our souls shall live; our souls are immortal."

THE DROSS IS DISCARDED BUT NOTHING IS LOST.

THE DROSS IS DISCARDED BUT NOTHING IS LOST.

I SAW in a poetic vision the genius of mankind closely bent over his work. I knew it was an allegory and I saw as through a glass darkly, but the allegory had significance.

The genius had before him innumerable glasses and retorts filled with some precious substance. He had some of the vessels on burning coals, others he kept on ice, still others were stored away in an oven. Many of them remained undisturbed as if they contained a liquid that should settle, while others again were being thoroughly shaken.

"What is it that thou hast under thy hands?" I asked.

"I make experiments with the souls of men," said the genius. "I expose them to all kinds of conditions and observe the results."

While thus speaking, the genius poured the contents of two vessels together and set the mixture aside as the beginning of a new life.

"Is that the beginning of a new soul?" I asked.

"No," quoth the genius, "there is no beginning of a new soul. Every soul is a mixture of many souls. Here is the soul of an infant in this almost empty glass. Now I pour into it the contents of other glasses. They are the words of the parents, of the nurse, of

brothers and sisters, of all its kin and its friends. When the boy grows, I instil into his mind the teacher's lessons and the ideas which he finds in books, and all that is exposed to certain conditions which make his soul act and react in this or that way, producing original associations of the elements and creating new combinations in his mind. There are precious elements and worthless elements. There is gold, and silver, and clay. These I combine and I separate, I intermingle, and I distil, I blend and I analyse. I discard and I select—and this process goes on and on and on. It began with the appearance of organised life and will continue so long as life continues and men call it evolution."

Looking close I found that all the glasses and retorts were connected by little tubes and their contents were in a constant flux, tending to equalise its substance. Nevertheless this exchange was neither sufficient nor rapid enough to produce even an approximate equality in the different vessels.

"What is an individual soul in this constant flux?" I asked. "Thou art constantly mixing soul with soul! If you succeed in a precious mixture, having distilled it in a special retort, is not all your labor wasted and is not the soul lost when you break the vessel?"

"An individual soul?" the genius replied. "I know not of what thou speakest. I have the soul of mankind before me and not individual souls. An individual soul can mean only the mixture as it appears at a given moment in one of my retorts. But the process of fusion is constant, and whoever attempts to study an individual soul must bear in mind the whole totality of soul-life with which it is connected. What is the individual in this continual change? I take the

elements of my compounds from everywhere. Surely there is a vein for the silver and a place for the gold where they find it. Iron is taken out of the earth and brass is molten out of the stone. There is the fining pot for silver, and the furnace for gold. I shall melt the souls of men, and try them, and I shall bray a fool in a mortar among wheat with a pestle that his foolishness may depart from him. There is nothing lost when the dross is thrown away, for the gold and the silver after being separated from the dross will shine brighter than before."

CHARITY.

CHARITY.

THE school house stands on the public square in the midst of a grove, and at recess the children enjoy themselves under the shadowy branches while the birds are singing in the trees.

After a stormy night one of the nests had been blown down and its inmates, some five or six half-fledged robins, were hopping around in the grass. There was great excitement among the children, and to their honor be it said, there was no cruel boy among them, no mischievous young savage, who wanted to hurt the little creatures. Every one of the young folks was anxious to extend his charity to the helpless little birds. At last one of the urchins succeeded in gaining the confidence of the little robins, and he fed them.

At the next recess the same scene was repeated, and this time the birds were no longer timid. By and by they grew so tame toward the children of the school that on every morning they greeted them with twittering voices, anxiously waiting for their breakfast. At every recess one of the scholars fed the little birds.

One of the teachers observed the children's dealings with the birds, and he praised their spirit of love and charity toward these helpless beings. But he forgot that not every well intended action has good results. The sympathetic sentiment is very laudable, but how very irrational are often the methods of charity.

Vacation time came, and the school was deserted. Some of the children played at home in their gardens; some went away with their parents on excursions; some had left the town to stay with relatives in the country: and the little birds waited in vain for their breakfast. These poor robins had never learned to earn their own living. They were so accustomed to the crumbs and other tidbits of their little benefactors, that, left to themselves, they were now unable to rely upon their own strength; and in the midst of a harvest plenteous for other birds, they perished miserably, from lack of ability to gain a living.

There is a lesson in this little story. Charity is a good thing, and the spirit of charity shows a generous and noble disposition. Charity toward those who cannot help themselves, toward orphans or the infirm and aged, is not charity, but duty. In other cases the continued administration of charity is an evil in itself and productive of other evils. It pampers a pauper class accustomed to rely on charity

There is but one charity which is commendable. It is that which gives men in need, the opportunity either to help themselves or to learn how to help themselves. All the help that man offers to man should tend to enhance his manhood, to make him stronger, freer, and more independent.

CAPITAL AND LABOR.

CAPITAL AND LABOR.

FRANK WALKER and his friend Charles Allen, two engineers on one of our great inland roads went to a labor meeting to hear an agitator of renown. The speech was very effective and the orator pleased the audience. He spoke of the great hopes of the future when labor shall be easier and the laborer shall rule the world. He denounced capital in every form as that which gives power to him who owns it to enslave and control men so that they must work for him and help him to increase his wealth.

The address was over and several speakers followed the orator of the evening, debating with him and criticising the measures he proposed for the future welfare of society. His theory was some kind of nationalism and his adversaries of anarchistic sentiments made the debate very hot. But he came out victorious, at least in the opinion of his own followers. He was never embarrassed for whenever he failed in argument he made his escape by fierce denunciations of the rich and a storm of applause invariably rewarded him whereupon he looked fiercely around and sat down with an air of scorn as if he had challenged a man who did not dare to fight.

When the two engineers went home Charles said to Frank:

"I do not yet quite understand how the laborer

can be benefited by the elimination of the capitalist from society. May be the labor question is like the perpetual motion question an insolvable problem. But if it is to be solved at all, it seems to me, that none of the speakers who took part in the debate touched the salient point. Suppose capital were abolished, and we were living in that blessed state where all the land belongs to the community so that we might keep a cow grazing on the common and go out hunting to shoot a deer for breakfast, would we, the laboring class be benefited by the change? Scarcely! We would be little better off than are the Indians now, the 'free children of nature' who are not enslaved by capitalism."

"You do not understand the idea," replied Frank. "It is that society shall own all the capital and we become possessors of the common wealth of machinery and all the implements of production as well as mines, forests, fisheries, and all the other natural opportunities."

"Don't talk to me of that Utopian proposition. It is impossible in itself. I would rather serve a company or a private capitalist than society at large. Look to the undignified conditions of our political life. Consider that the offices of the government are given to those who control votes and not to those who would serve the people best. Do you think that the mass meeting we have just attended is morally or mentally competent to appoint railroad engineers, or any other workmen in any of the departments of our complicated system of industry? The capitalist, even if he be a relentless egotist appoints the man who will do the work best."

"And who does it cheapest," interrupted his friend.

"Well, that may be. I agree with you that we must work for the improvement of the laboring classes. We ought to seek for higher wages and that is always the gist of the social question, lighter work, fewer hours, more pay! What I mean to say is this that the real social remedy is a matter of slow development; the trouble is not a disease that can be cured by a panacea. All the propositions to cure our ills by tearing down the institutions of society and building them up again according to another plan are only so many hindrances to the recognition of the real problem. This loose talk about how the future society should be arranged is a waste of words. There are men who get excited about it as if they had made a motion and the vote on it was to be taken to-morrow, while in fact the whole scheme is visionary."

"But the cause of labor must be promoted," Frank ventured to suggest.

"Of course it must," replied Charles, "but it cannot be promoted either by destroying or nationalising capital which latter would almost amount to the former considering that nationalised capital would be rapidly wasted by bad management. All the schemes of labor reformers, so far as I know of them, lead back to barbarism; instead of proposing progress, they point back to past stages which ought by this time to be regarded as gone by and done with forever."

"Can you suggest a way to bring about progress?" asked Frank with irony.

"Not I," said Charles.

"Aye, there's the rub," was Frank's sarcastic remark. "Criticising is easy. So long as you know no better, let our reformers think of and propose their schemes. They work and aspire for labor; they ac-

complish something and that is better than nothing. They attempt at least approximations of our ideals."

"No, they do not," retorted Charles,—"I do not mean to say all of them, but at least those I have listened to—they do not. If they did I should be satisfied, but they actually lead in the wrong direction; they put us back. They are not better, they are worse than nothing, they are retrogressions and put us back."

"If you know what puts us back, you ought to know what puts us forward, and you ought to show us the way to go."

"*I* ought not, but history ought to do so. Let a man who is familiar with the present conditions of labor study history, and history will reveal the secret. Have we not actually progressed? Partly by fighting the capitalist and enforcing fewer hours of toil, easier work and higher pay, but all those struggles would have availed nothing had not capital grown rich enough to make the concessions. Capital is the milch cow of labor and instead of trying to kill her we ought to help her to give more milk. The richer and more powerful capital is, the easier it will yield to our conditions, while on the other hand the poorer and the more wretched laborers are the less resistance can they oppose to oppression."

"Then you concede that we ought to fight capital?"

"I concede or rather I maintain that we ought to struggle for a constant improvement of our conditions. This can not only be done merely by demanding higher wages, but also by enabling capital to pay higher wages. I go farther still. The solution which history and the present situation offer is that laborers become capitalists. Being capitalists, even small capitalists, they become share holders in the wealth of

the community; and the better off a laborer is, the higher wages can he demand. But if we wish to become capitalists we must save and not waste, we must not break the bottles when we have emptied them, after the manner of Powderly, in order to make a scarcity of bottles, and thus increase the demand of labor, but we must live economically and save."

"Well, my dear fellow, you want us to acquire the same habits for which we blame the oppressors of mankind. No, that won't do. A laborer is an honest man, but a capitalist is a drone among the bees. I read of late in the back number of the *Twentieth Century* that if a laborer saves money and buys one of these magic papers, as the editor of that journal called it, which draw interest, he thereby becomes detestable. So far as he is a laborer, he is praiseworthy and honest, but so far as he is a capitalist, he is a barnacle to society!"

"Nonsense!"

"Nonsense? So say all the capitalists! You say nonsense because you have no better argument."

"I have arguments enough, but the best argument is that if you tried to live up to those principles, the result would be lamentable."

"If the result would be lamentable that would prove at best that it is a lamentable world we live in and not that the principle is wrong. Don't you recognise that there is an ideal realm superior to the world? Principles are ideals."

"Well, I give in; if your ideal principles are the criterion of superiority, then the whole world is wrong and if we fare ill with our principles, it is the worse for the world."

A few days later Frank and Charles visited a scientific lecture on evolution which liberal minded members of our progressive churches had established for an almost nominal entrance fee.

"This lecturer," said Charles to his friend, "reminds me of our discussion on capital and labor. Man has grown out of the animal world exactly by becoming a capitalist in soul-treasures."

"That is again one of your odd ideas. How will you make that out?"

"What is capital? It is labor stored up for making further labor more effective. One might imagine that labor done has been done and is used up for ever. But no! It can be made serviceable to the future. We can actually make it live after the work is over. Build a road, a bridge, a railroad-bed, and travelling will be easier forever after that. We can hoard labor up and use it to double and treble the returns of other work. Capitalising is making labor immortal. It continues to yield a rich harvest; it brings regularly its returns."

"Well, and how do you apply this principle to the evolution of man?"

"The first human beings among the anthropoids were exceptions as much so as are the capitalists exceptions to-day. They of course were more powerful than their less fortunate brothers, and it is very likely that they exercised their power over them, which may have given cause to much jealousy. But there was little use in decrying this condition; the others had to follow their example and acquire the same kind of capital until all humanity became like them so that the whole species man stands now high above the rest

of the animal world as the big millionaire in soul-values."

Frank looked at his friend who continued meditatively:

"I see a future dawning on mankind that will be as much grander than the present state as is the present over the anthropoid era. I expect that this grand future will have not only a higher civilisation in store for us, but also a fabulous capital of comfort, prosperity, and wealth. The princes of our Saxon ancestors about a thousand years ago lived not as well or as comfortably as you and I live to-day; and we are laboring men who live upon the work of our hands. Thus the laborer will enjoy in that distant future the comforts of our millionaires."

"That certainly is the aim we all pursue," exclaimed Frank, "and if your method of attaining it were wise, I should say that our labor agitators should rather work in that direction, and they will, as soon as they see it as you do."

"As soon as the laborer has grown to be a capitalist, he has gained his independence. While at present the wage earner seeks for the employer, the employer will under these altered conditions seek for his laborers. Then, wage earners will not so much compete with wage earners, as employers will compete with employers to secure workmen; and they will no longer pay the lowest price for labor, but the highest price the business will afford."

Frank nodded assent. "That would be an arrangement of society," he said, "in which the laborer would find justice."

Charles continued:

"But this state of society, if my view be sound,

can never be brought about by any panacea of our re-reformers, neither by a single tax nor by Mr. Bellamy's Nationalism, nor by tearing down the present order of society, and rebuilding it according to utopian plans of any description, but simply by patient labor, economic habits, by improved education and by increasing the wealth of mankind. It is not a matter of measures but of action. The road lies before us, it is the same road on which we have traveled. We have not to retrace our steps but to go on undaunted."

BEN-MIDRASH, THE GARDENER OF GALILEE.

BEN-MIDRASH, THE GARDENER OF GALILEE.

It is now many hundred years almost two thousand years ago when there was a gardener living in Galilee by the lakeside who raised fine grapes, figs, peaches and all kinds of good fruit and also flowers. The gardener's name was Ben-Midrash and he was an industrious man who worked hard and all his heart was in his work.

It happened about that time that a prophet arose in Galilee who was called Jesus of Nazareth. Jesus went about the country preaching and saying: "Repent for the kingdom of heaven is at hand," and his fame went throughout all Syria.

Ben-Midrash had a friend whose name was Zebedee and Zebedee was a fisher. Zebedee had two sons whom he named James and John. One evening Ben-Midrash was watering the trees and the vines in his vineyard, when Zebedee entered and said: "Be glad in the Lord and rejoice with me, for my old days shall see the glory of my sons. I was sitting yesterday with my sons on the ship mending my nets and Jesus of Nazareth passed by. He saw us and watched my boys for some time, and when they looked up to him and greeted him with the holy word Shalomlecha, Peace be with you, he said unto them: 'Follow me and

I will make you fishers of men.' And my sons immediately left the ship and me and followed him."

Said Ben-Midrash to Zebedee: "What sayest thou? Thou rejoicest at the behavior of thy boys who have left their father in his old age, following the voice of some unknown prophet? Jesus of Nazareth may be a false prophet. The scribe of our synagogue has warned me not to listen to the speech of this man."

Said Zebedee: "Thou didst never hear Jesus of Galilee speak to the people. If thou hadst heard him speak, thou wouldst not say that which thou dost say. Thou wouldst know that he is Christ and the time will come when he will be the king of Israel and my sons will share all the glory of his kingdom."

Said Ben-Midrash: "Thou art a fool to be merry on account of a misfortune that has befallen thee. Jesus of Nazareth confoundeth the souls of men. He has confounded also the souls of James and John, thy sons."

Since this day Zebedee and Ben Midrash ceased to be friends.

And it happened that Jesus came into that region of the country near the sea of Galilee and multitudes went out to hear his voice and to listen to the speech of his mouth and Zebedee went also, but his heart was full of misgivings and he said unto himself: "This man is a deceiver." But when Jesus opened his mouth and spoke his blessings over the poor in spirit, over those that mourn, over the meek, over those that hunger and thirst after righteousness, over the merciful, the pure in heart, the peacemakers and over those that are persecuted for righteousness' sake, he grew cheerful and forgot all his misgivings. A strange joy came over him and he felt light as if he had shaken off all the burdens of his soul. He now understood

the power that had drawn James and John to this wonderful man.

Jesus spoke about the fulfilment of the law, he spoke about the perfection of God and about the kingdom of God and all the words of Jesus were like music to his ears. Jesus warned the people of false prophets and said: "Ye shall know them by their fruits. Do men gather grapes of thorns or figs of thistles? A good tree cannot bring forth evil fruit, neither can a corrupt tree bring forth good fruit."

When Ben-Midrash heard Jesus speak of fruit, he thought of his garden at home and said to himself: This man speaketh of things of which he knoweth nothing. And bitterness came over Ben-Midrash's soul and he listened no longer to the words of Jesus but went away full of indignation.

Ben-Midrash's garden was sheltered by a strong hedge of thorns and he went about and cut off with a sharp knife a stalk thereof. He grafted the twig of a sweet vine into the stem of the cut off thorn and took good care of it.

Some time had passed and the inoculated thorn commenced to blossom and to bear fruit. And lo! the blossoms were blossoms of the vine and the fruits promised to become good sweet grapes.

On one morning in the fall Ben-Midrash stood at the gate before his garden looking at the grapes which he expected to gather from his thorn and he said unto himself: Now I know in truth that Jesus of Nazareth is no prophet of God but a deceiver. And when he lifted his eyes, he saw Jesus pass by in the street. And he stopped Jesus and said to him: "Art thou not Jesus of Nazareth and didst thou not speak to us from the mount?"

Jesus answered: "Thou sayest so. I am Jesus of Nazareth and I spoke to you from the mount."

Said Ben-Midrash: "Didst thou not say that men cannot gather grapes of thorns and figs of thistles? Lo! I have raised grapes that grow upon thorns. What sayest thou now? Art thou truly a prophet, and hast thou truly been sent by God?"

Jesus looked at the grapes that had grown on the thorn and then he looked Ben-Midrash straight into the eye and his look went deep into his heart.

"Ben-Midrash," he said, "thou hast done well to graft the vine upon the thorn of thy vineyard. Thou askest me whether I am a true prophet. Observe what I am doing. I do the same unto men which thou hast done unto the thorn. David cried to the Lord: 'Create in me a clean heart, O God, and renew a right spirit within me.' As the thorn can be inoculated with nobler plants so the heart can be with a divine spirit. My work is to graft purity and righteousness into the souls of men. Thy thorn hath ceased to be a thorn; it hath become a vine. The thorn of thy hedge is hardy, and I see in thy eyes that it is as hardy as thyself. Thou art a man of strength and thy hands are the hands of a worker, but the fruits which thou bringest forth are not grapes. The briars and brambles of bitterness are the harvest of thy heart. Why dost thou not do the same unto thy heart as thou hast done unto the thorn? Plant the word of truth into thy soul and it will bring forth the sweet grapes of divine grace, of righteousness and of love."

Ben-Midrash bowed down before Jesus and said: "What is my soul but a thorn; cut down its prickly branches and graft thy own soul into me."

Jesus laid his hand upon his head and said: "Be it so!"

The souls of men are like trees. A good tree cannot bring forth evil fruit but a corrupt tree bringeth forth evil fruit. The wickedness of man is great. Nevertheless there is salvation for his soul. The thorns that are inoculated with the sweet vine will bring forth no thorns but grapes.

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